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Wednesday Morning, May 3, 1848.

The Magnetic Telegraph.

BY REV. J. LYONS.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun:
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt,
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal and woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Aye! though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answers given,
The sighing of that humble heart,
Is known and felt in heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stay,
But Faith's last word shall reach the throne,
Of God, though far away.

Visit to Mount Vesuvius.

I shall omit the description of other excursions, and describe my visit at midnight to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Stepping into one of the numerous fiacres on the stand, at six o'clock the last evening I was at Naples, I was on my way alone for Resina, at the foot of the mountain, five miles from the city. The tide along the shores, through the pretty suburbs, with the setting sun on the waters of the bay, the approach of darkness, and the development of the red stream of lava down the mountain was a rare sight. In an hour I was seated on a pony, attended by a guide, also mounted, and having a large torch. These guides and animals are at the station always ready, and there is a tariff of prices for them. They are under the direction of the police, who maintain a strict watch along the route half way up the ascent. The route to the hermitage is a circuitous one, and required nearly three hours. From thence a beautiful view is had of the Bay and City of Naples, and the lava stream and belching of cinders, red-hot stones, and lava every few minutes from the crater. The stream, which a few days since had several branches, now merged together, was about a mile long and three or four rods wide, and lost itself in a level space on the mountain side, where it collected and cooled. The crater, which is a regular cone, on the top of the mountain, was sprinkled with myriads of red-hot pieces from the belchings, which shot up from the crater, in nearly a perpendicular line, to a great height, then falling upon the edge of the crater and rolling down the sides.

Having ascended a few minutes above the hermitage, at the termination of the path, and as far as it is practicable for a horse to go, our animals were tired, and then came the most difficult ascent I ever made. The whole mountain, rising steep above us for a mile, was a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up by different eruptions, and composed of beds of rocks, lava, and cinders, and beside and between these beds nothing but ashes, which is of a coarse black sandy substance. It is impossible to ascend over the rugged beds of rocks, and equally so to go up over the sand, where you cannot keep your foothold. The way is to go along the edge of lava, keeping your foot-hold in the sand as much as possible, by holding on to the rocky edge; but then we slipped at every step, and lost nearly half we gained. Toiling in this manner, and stumbling in the uncertain light, stopping every few moments to recruit our exhausted strength and recover breath, we arrived, at eleven o'clock, at the summit. I have forgot to mention that there are two attendants at the beginning of the ascent to assist, by ropes, the exhausted traveller; but, I refused their offers, not wishing to be outdone by a guide. Resting a few moments, and wetting our dry throats, we started for the foot of the crater, and, groping our way over and among the immense masses of lava, in less than half an hour we were within the reach of the red pieces of lava which rolled down the crater. Here we tarried to view the showers above, which seemed as though they would descend on our heads. It was a fearful sight, and at every eruption the rumbling and concussion within the crater added much to the scene. In returning we passed over beds of lava yet quite hot, which had been ejected from the crater only four days previous. Having arrived at the brink, the descent was over a bed of sand and ashes, unincumbered with a single stone; and it was a novel and rapid one; for, what with step and slide, every stride was equal to six feet, and they were so rapid, from the impetus forward, that it was no easy matter to keep our equilibrium. Ten minutes brought us to where we left our horses, a mile in distance, and which had taken an hour of so much labor to overcome.

Remounting our nags, we were in due time at the station, where, having paid the score, I took my seat in the fiacre which had waited my return, and in the solitude of the early morning was rapidly whirled along the road to Naples, with stiff joints and aching limbs, glad I had been, and not wishing to go again.

VALUE OF A DOLLAR.—If you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as a hod carrier. This is an excellent idea, and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation and crime would we witness every day.

The Pirate's Wife.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness—"

Late in the year 1826 I was lying in the harbor of Charleston, advertised to sail for Havana. The day before clearing a handsome young Spaniard came on board, and introduced himself as Senor de Soto, asked me in English, when I was to sail, and if I could take another passenger.

"I sail to-morrow and can accommodate two or more passengers," I replied.

"I think Captain," said he after a pause, "that I will take passage with you. I have been lately in command of a Florida wrecker, and by one lucky chance have made doubloons enough to stand one winter's frolic in the Havanas. It is not often that an honest wrecker meets with a windfall," he added with a laugh.

"And pray what was it, Signor?" I asked.

"Oh, rare good fortune," he returned promptly, "I was out about six weeks ago, when one morning after a dreadful storm, I discovered a ship on the reef, in a most dangerous situation. Her deck was crowded with men, and I saw at a glance that the vessel could not hold together four hours. I ran under her stern and made a bargain with the poor wrecker to take them off."

"Made a bargain!" I exclaimed with horror "made a bargain to save the lives of your fellow men!"

"To be sure, why not?" he returned with a reckless laugh, "I was a poor wrecker. It was all in the way of trade. The vessel was from New York, and I saved the lives of her crew and passengers at a round price a head. So much money in my pocket disgusted me with the wrecker's life: I abandoned it, and have been enjoying myself between New Orleans and this since. Now I'll go to Havana, ask my father's blessing, and see what luck I shall have at the gambling table during the winter."

All this was said in a manner, which not less than the words, betokened the heartlessness of my new acquaintance, who, as I subsequently learned, was the son of a rich merchant of Havana, by whom he had been discarded. Young De Soto paid his passage, and the next day we sailed.

I had six other passengers, two of whom, a wealthy Cuba lady and her daughter, were returning from a summer's visit to the States. The daughter was one of the most beautiful creoles I ever saw. She could not have been sixteen years of age. Her figure was slight and graceful, the features of her countenance were regular and systematical, while her eyes told eloquently of a gentle, confiding and affectionate soul. De Soto and her mother had met before, and ere we had been twenty-four hours at sea, the young lady and myself were walking the quarter deck, chattering away in Spanish with delightful familiarity, as thought they had been acquainted with each other for years.—Before we reached Havana they were lovers; before I sailed from that port they were married.—Young De Soto had made his peace with his father, by feigning repentance, and the two families had in consultation decided that it would be best to let the young people have their way. I visited them several times and like all young married folks they seemed and were really happy. For the gentle young wife's sake I prayed that her influence might prove strong enough to subdue the bold, reckless, venturous spirit of her husband.

Nine years after the period alluded to, thirteen Spaniards were tried at Boston, for piracy in robbing the brig Mexican, from Salem, confining the crew below, and firing the vessel. Happily they were rescued by a passing ship; the pirates were apprehended on the coast of Africa six months after by an English cruiser, and sent to Boston, where eight of them were condemned. Only six however, suffered death on the scaffold. The seventh committed suicide in prison, the eighth, the mate of the vessel, was respited. I had read the account of the trial of the pirates, but the subject excited but little of my attention.

In the month of June, 1836, I was passing along Chestnut street, Philadelphia, when hearing my name called, I turned and sap gazing at me a lady dressed in the deepest mourning. Her face was ghastly pale, and the skin seemed to be drawn tightly over the bones—flesh there seemed to be none.

"Captain————" she said in broken English and with a trembling voice—"Captain you do not remember me? I am Mrs. De Soto, your passenger from Charleston for Havana, ten years or so ago."

In an instant the whole truth flashed upon my mind. The name of the respited pirate was De Soto, the bold wrecker, her husband. I entered into conversation with her, and learned from her own lips the effort to save her husband's life. She had travelled from N. Orleans to Boston in search of the persons whom her husband had saved, *for money*, from death on the Florida reefs. By advertising in the papers, she found many of these persons, and exciting their sympathies in her behalf, they certified that they owed their lives to her husband's bravery—carefully concealing the fact that before he threw them the rope, he had been promised a large amount of money for every man he rescued. With these certificates she hasted to Washington, and asked of Gen. Jackson the life of her husband. The heart of the stern old chieftian was moved by the wife's prayer, and he gladly availed himself of the only ground for interposition—the supposed services rendered by De Soto to American citizens in distress—and the pirate received a pardon.

Two years ago I was in Havana, and met De Soto in a coffee house. He was in command of a steamboat running between that port and Matanzas. I asked for his wife.

"She's been dead these three years," he replied, with indifference, as he picked up a cue and challenged an acquaintance to a game of billiards.

CONVICTION is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning.

Adventures with a Panther.

The following particulars of an encounter with one of these animals are from the pen of a gentleman who witnessed it:—I was at Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819, when, one morning my servant called me an hour or two before my usual time, with "Master, master! people sent for master's dogs—tiger in the town!" Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species, called the Poligar dog, which I should designate as a sort of wiry-haired greyhound, without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; but tigers are very different things. By the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon; but leopards and panthers are always called so, and by ourselves as well as by the natives. This turned out to be a panther. My gun chanced not to be put together; and, while my servant was doing it, the collector and two medical men, who had recently arrived, in consequence of the cholera morbus having just then reached Ceylon from the Continent, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off, without waiting for my gun—a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut the roof of which, like those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture into it was a small door, about four feet high. The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged him to wait for my gun; but no—the fowling-piece (loaded with ball, of course) and the two hog-spears, were quite enough. I got a hedge-stake, and awaited my fate, from very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay capt.: and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place within an enclosure, about twenty feet square, formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this, the two artillery-men planted themselves; and the Malay captain got at the top, to frighten the tiger out, by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves.—One of the artillery-men wanted to go in to the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang. This man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust apparently down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us. The shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs, with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment the animal appeared to me to about reach the centre of the man's face; but I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger, stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round staggering, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that, if we fired upon the tiger, we might kill the man. For a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him; he fired, and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He still kicked and writhed; when the gentleman with the hog-spears advanced, and fixed him, while he was finished by some natives beating him on the head with hedge-stakes. The brave artillery-man was, after all, but slightly hurt; he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him. There was, however, a cry among the natives, that the head should be cut off; it was; and, in so doing, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured little less than four feet, from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a tiger having been in Jaffna before. Indeed, this must have either come a distance of almost twenty miles, or have swam across an arm of the sea nearly two in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula, on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."—[From Popular Natural History, recently published in London.

SPIRIT OF RELIGION.—Christ re-established the unity of human nature. He taught us the principles of eternal justice, and the grand secret of all harmony and happiness, on earth as in heaven—love. Till we arrive to that point of his system, we are unacquainted with Christianity, and are ignorant of our natures and our destinies. The dogmas and the mysteries that even the very highest disciples have wrapped around this glorious sun of the Christian system—this all-embracing sentiment of universal love, have only obscured its light from us, and screened from us its vital warmth. The gospel does not consist in doctrines and ceremonies, but in love.

But to love we must know who are worthy of our love; and here again the revelation of Christ embraced the infinite: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And then came the question—"Who is my neighbor?" And the answer, expressed in an immortal story was, "Every one who needs thy help."

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The obligations we owe to newspapers are incalculable, but they must be rightly understood to be properly appreciated. The newspaper is the wonderful collector of facts. Out of these facts—collected with infinite pains, unsparing labor, and great discrimination—history is gradually shaped by more patient hands, as the statue is slowly wrought by the sculptor from the rough block.

A PECULIAR WORD.—Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—he, her, hero, heroine.

The Literature of the Scriptures.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.

In simplicity and purity of style, and in originality of sentiment, the Bible stands unrivalled. Its purity and eloquence are unsurpassed by any productions, ancient or modern. Its material for the exercise of deep thought, for cultivating the taste, for invigorating the imagination, and for eliciting the best feelings of the soul, is rich and exhaustless. Its weighty doctrines, the hopes it enkindles, the fears it allays, alike prove its divine original.

No *human* composition is so exquisite as *always* to please. Its stores of wisdom are quickly exhausted; the eye soon perceives the end of created perfection; but the beauties of the Bible are none the less lovely, though the charm of novelty may have passed away.

He who can read the inspired narration of Moses with diminished interest, can have no beauty in his own soul. Cold must be that heart which does not kindle at his eloquence, and melt at his pathos!

Moses's account of the Creation is unique. It is abrupt, simple, sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown open; time is proclaimed; creation arises; and a new race of intelligences appear on the scene. The Almighty voice is addressed to Chaos: "Confusion hears it, and wild Uproar stands ruled." The waters subside; the verdant landscape is seen; songs burst from every grove; and stars, bright rolling, silent beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty's hand.

The style of Moses as an historian is the best model, both in the vigorous and the sublime, the pleasing and the tender. His history is clothed with the grace of eloquence, the charms of poetry and the fascination of fiction.

The Bible is replete with poetry. The Hebrew poets rouse, warm, and transport the mind, in strains the sweetest and boldest that bard ever sung—in numbers the loftiest that imagination ever dictated. [illegible]etry extant equals that which comes to us from the rapt patriarch of Idumea, and the inspired prophets of Salem; from the school of Bethel and Jericho. The Bible is the prototype, the unrivalled model and inspirer of all that is elevated in poetry. It has been a fountain, from which later poets have drawn their richest thoughts, their boldest figures, their grandest imagery.

The Psalms of David are an elegant specimen of poetic literature. The character of their diction and expression is vivid, the thoughts animated, passionate. They communicate truths, which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which uninspired poetry can never equal. The Hebrew literature itself contains nothing more lovely.

Among the prophetic writers, Isaiah stands unrivalled. His language possesses surprising beauties. His triumphal song upon the fall of the Babylonish monarch is replete with imagery, diversified and sublime. The conception is bold, the characters are introduced with wonderful art. Nothing is wanting to defend its claims to perfect beauty. In every excellence of composition, it is unequalled by any specimen of Greek or Roman poetry.

The strains of Ezekiel break forth like the gushing of a mighty fountain. He is deep, vehement, tragical. He rouses every energy of the soul; overwhelms the mind by his bold figures, abrupt transitions, fervid expressions. But he who astonishes us by his graphic images, possesses, at the same time, the loveliness of the sweetest poet. For invigorating the imagination, for giving energy of thought and boldness of expression, the writings of Ezekiel are unequalled.

Such is the Literature of the Scriptures. Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feeling, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the lustre of Jehovah's glory. It is calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate the soul. It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb. The force of its truth compelled the highly-gifted but infidel Byron to testify that—

Within this awful volume lies
The history of myself—
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God hath given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they never been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

ARKANSAS WEDDING CAKE.—A letter from Mt. Pleasant, Ark., published in the Syracuse Star, gives the ingredients of a wedding cake, in that country of *bars* and buffaloes:—"Mr. P. is now ordained, and of course has a right to marry. He, with some others of the family attended a wedding this week, and brought home some wedding cake. It was made of pounded corn flour, the ashes of bean pods for saleratus, and beans for raisins; this was wet with water and then tied up in corn husks in the shape of an hour-glass and boiled; sometimes it is boiled in grape juice and eaten with a spoon made from a buffalo's horn. I once had the pleasure of eating at a neighbor's house. Corn bread, hog meat, (fresh) coffee, and the cake I have described, formed a common wedding dinner.—Some do go so high as to indulge in "chicken fixens and flour doings," but it is rare."

GOD.—A celebrated Scotch divine says,—"The world we inhabit must have had an origin: that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; this intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been supreme; and that which always was, and is supreme, we know by the name of God."

We've shared each other's smiles and tears.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

We've shared each other's smiles and tears,
Through years of wedded life,
And love has bless'd those fleeting years,
My own, my cherished wife.
And, if at times, the storm's dark shroud
Has rested in the air,
Love's beaming sun has kissed the cloud,
And left the rainbow there.

In all our hopes, in all our dreams,
Love is *forever nigh*,
A blossom in our path it seems,
A sunbeam in our sky;
For all our joys of brightest hue,
Grow brighter in love's smile;
And there's no grief our hearts e'er knew,
That love could not beguile.

History of Cotton.

FROM A LECTURE BEFORE THE BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The cotton plant was known, cultivated and manufactured in India many centuries ago. It is a plant which grows spontaneously all over the tropical regions. The climates so necessary to the growth and development of the cotton plant, forbids the cultivation of wool, while the latter product flourishes in the cold regions where the cotton will not grow. The two products are admirably suited for the clothing of the inhabitants of the regions in which they respectively flourish.

The early Egyptians do not appear to have known the value of cotton, although it is known to have existed in Egypt 550 years before Christ. The mummy clothes are all made of linen. Herodotus is the first Greek writer who speaks of cotton, and this in a brief reference to India. The Romans received the cotton manufactures from India. From this country cotton was introduced into Upper and Lower Egypt. The Moors of Spain introduced it into Europe.

In the fineness and delicacy of the manufacture of cotton, the natives of India had the supremacy for many centuries. These are to be attributed to the fineness of their climate and the delicacy of their sense of touch. Many stories are told of the wonderful texture of their cloths, and among them the following:

A Persian Ambassador is said to have carried home to his master a cocoa-nut, which on being broken was found to contain a piece of cotton of some thirty yards in length, and light as gossamer. On one occasion an Emperor remonstrated with his daughter upon the indelicacy of her appearance, she being clothed in the Hindoo cotton. She replied that the robe was wrapped nine times round her body. These tales all go to prove that the Hindoos were perfect masters of the manufacture of cotton.

The art of manufacture was held in high esteem, and cotton weaving stood at the head of the mechanic arts. The women were all cotton spinners, and the weaving was done in the open air.

Cotton was introduced into China in the sixth century, and in the tenth century into Spain. In the thirteenth century a company was incorporated at Barcelona for the manufacture of cotton, but it was only of a coarse kind called fustian. In the sixteenth century it was introduced into England by a refugee. The Aztecs or ancient Mexicans, were acquainted with the manufacture of cotton.

The progress in the manufacture of cotton was very slow after its introduction into England. The thread was so coarse that it could only be used for filling, the warp being of linen. The article manufactured was called calico, taking this name from Calcutta in the East Indies. Previous to the year 1769; no mills existed in England, and the manufacture was carried on by hand power alone. Soon after the invention of Arkwright, the most rapid progress was made, and the manufacture largely increased. In 1846 the capital invested in England in the cotton manufacture amounted to one hundred million pounds sterling. To build and stock a mill in Great Britian, requires only about two-thirds of the sum necessary in this country.

The lecturer next proceeded to give some particulars of the life of Richard Arkwright, from which it appears he was born in the year 1732, in the county of Lancashire, and was brought up to the trade of a barber. About the year 1760 he quitted his trade and traveled about the country as a dealer in hair. He came in contact with the cotton spinners, saw the difficulties under which they labored, and set himself to work to invent a cotton spinning machine. With assistance from a friend, he went to work and completed his machine in the year 1770, in Nottingham, and was moved by horse power. Arkwright's machine greatly improved the quality of the thread and linen warp was no longer necessary. This distinguished man was persecuted in his life time by envious persons; in 1786 he was made High Sheriff of the county, Knighted by Geo. the Third, and died the richest man in England in 1792.

It was not until the year 1801 that power looms were made to work successfully. Now there are in England 170,000 power looms, turning out nine hundred million yards of cloths; but hand loom weaving is not extinct, it is estimated that there are 225,000 handlooms weaving in Great Britian. In 1700, the consumption of cotton in England was only 1,200,000 pounds, now it amounts to 500,000,000 pounds, two-thirds of which is the product of our own country.

Manchester, and the country round it for 20 miles, are the chief seats of the cotton manufacture, and the motive power of the mills is steam. Out of nearly one hundred mills visited by the lecturer while in Great Britian, only one was moved by water power, and that was at Lanark, in Scotland. This mill appeared to be very judiciously managed; the operatives were neat and cleanly in their persons, and their houses tidy and comfortable. In summer, the females wear no shoes nor stockings, and only the married ones caps—the unmarried ones going bare-headed. The wages were about one half of those in Lowell, but the Scotch operatives were required to work only 63 hours a week, while those of Lowell are required to do work 73 hours.

The appearance of Manchester was then described. The lecturer had not found the population so brutal and degraded as has often been represented.

He did not find the managers so cruel or aristocratic as their enemies charge that they are. The mills are owned mostly by individuals, and not by incorporated companies. As in this country, a rigid system of economy is required and the rules enforced are no stricter than the exigencies of the case demands. The laws of parliament bearing especially upon the owner and manufacturer, are much more stringent than any he can force upon his operatives.

Most of the female operatives cannot write, and all classes of operatives are grossly improvident, addicted to gin, beer and whiskey drinking. In some peculiar branches of work, the wages are as high as in this country, but the general average is only about two-thirds of what is paid in American mills.

The lecturer said he should not attempt to deny that crime and destitution existed among the operatives, but simply to assert that their condition was not so bad as it had been represented.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—I must not omit, however, to narrate a little trick played upon our gallant captain. I have stated that the river was so narrow near its source that we could not use the oars, and the gigs, which continued the pursuit, had to be hauled through the bushes by the boat hooks. Returning to where the larger boats had been left aground, our bowman, who was employed shoving the gig along by such aid as the branches of the trees or tendrils which hung to them afforded him, stuck his boat-hook into what appeared to be a suspended ball of moss; but he soon discovered that it was something more, as it was a nest of hornets, which sallied out in great numbers, and resented the insult to their domicile by attacking the bowman first, as the principal aggressor, and us afterwards, as parties concerned. Now the sting of a hornet is no joke; we covered our faces with our handkerchiefs, or any thing we could find, and made a hasty retreat from the spot, pushing the gig down the stream, till we were clear of their attacks. In the hurry of our escape we left the boat hook hanging in the hornet's nest, and not feeling at all inclined to go back for it, we hailed the captain's gig, which was following us, and requested very humbly that they would be pleased to reascend the stream from the want of it. As we did not mention that it was so peculiarly situated, the captain saw no objection, and as they came to where it hung, his bowman caught hold of the staff, and wrested it from its position; but this time such force was used that the tendril gave way, and the nest itself fell down into the boat, and the irritated insects poured out their whole force to revenge this second aggression. The insects after all appeared to have a knowledge of the service, for they served out their stings in the same proportion as the prize money is divided—the captain came in for his full share.

MEMORANDA FOR BOYS.—Seven classes of company to be avoided.

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane and filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of cruel disposition: who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, and robbing birds of their young.

INNOCENCE.—Innocence, in its crudest simplicity, has some advantage over the most dexterous and practised guilt. Equivocal appearances may accidentally attend it in its progress through the world; but the very scrutiny which these appearances will excite, operates in favor of innocence, which is secure the moment it is discovered. But guilt is a poor, helpless dependent being. Without the allience of able diligent and fortunate fraud, it is inevitably undone. If the guilty culprit be obstinately silent, his silence forms a deadly presumption against him. If he speaks, talking tends to discovery, and his very defence furnishes materials towards his conviction.

ART OF MAKING MEN HAPPY.—There is an art of making a man happy which very few understand. It is not always by putting the hand in the pocket that we remove afflictions; there must be something more. There must be advice, and labor, and activity; we must bestir ourselves, leave our arm-chairs, throw off our slippers, and go abroad, if we would effectually serve our fellow-creatures. When to this active and effectual benevolence the more prompt efficacy of money is once added, how great, and how lasting may not the good be! Few, however, possess this quality of philanthropy; for it costs less to give a guinea than to give an hour.

CHARACTER.—A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual, or a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and safety! Private credit is wealth—public honor is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird, supports his flight—strip him of his plumage, and you will fix him to the earth.

He was a sensible philosopher who said that "a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, is as likely to fail as a man who sits down on a wheelbarrow and undertakes to wheel himself."

GENIUS.—A distinguished teacher, and president of a college, defined genius to be the power of making efforts.

WHY is a ship's crew like a bomb-shell? Because, when discharged, they go on a *lark*.